

## THE WILD GOOSE.

Athwart a trackless depth that curves  
In God's majestic lines,  
We wing a course that never swerves  
For man or man's designs.  
No need have we for chart by day,  
Or compass rule by night—  
A Mind that made us gives us way,  
And guides our steady flight.

The buildings of a million hands  
Lie growing far below;  
Created at proud man's commands,  
Whose lust, as well, we know,  
Be his the earth. Be ours the blue  
That veils eternally,  
From whence beneath our pinions true  
His sprawling home we see.

Be ours a frozen South and North  
Unmarred by tread or word,  
Where night of midness issues forth,  
Nor human voice is heard.  
And ours the secrets of the green  
That cloaks the wide morass,  
Where 'neath a tropic sun we preen  
Mid wastes of sedgy grass.

From zone to zone, from goal to goal,  
Within a day we fly.  
Our limits stretch from pole to pole—  
Our path the boundless sky.  
And when to glut your appetites  
We yield our bodies, slain,  
Know well we've seen a thousand sights  
For which you long in vain.

—Edwin L. Sabin, in Saturday Evening Post.



A stirring story of  
Army Life in the Philippines.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Again the blood rose guiltily to Billy's cheek. Not yet had he made his peace with his conscience and that valued counselor and invaluable friend from whose good graces he seemed to have fallen entirely. Not once had opportunity been afforded in which to speak and open his heart to him. As for writing, that seemed impossible. Billy could handle almost any implement better than a pen. But even in the few minutes left him in which to think he knew that now at least he must "face the music," like the man his father would have him be, even though it took more nerve than did that perilous dash on the Tagal works that Sunday morning. Billy would rather do that twice over than have to face Armstrong's stern, searching eyes, and hear again in the cold, almost contemptuous tone in which the colonel said to him the day the doctor led his vanquished and hysterical charmer from the room: "Don't try to thank, man; try to think what you risk—what you deserve to lose—for putting yourself in the power of such a woman."

From that day until this, here on the banks of the swift-running Pasig, they had not met at all; and it seemed to Gray as though Armstrong had aged a year. There was a lump in his throat as he went straight up to the colonel, his blue eyes never flinching, though they seemed to fill, and bravely spoke. "Col. Armstrong, I have an explanation that I owe to you. Will you give me a few minutes on the gallery?"

"Certainly, Gray," was the calm reply; and the youngster led the way.

It was a broken story. It told of his desperation and misery through Canker's persecution, of his severe illness, then of the utter weakness and prostration; then her coming, and with her comfort, peace, reassurance, gradual return to health, and with that, gradual surrender to his nurse's fascinations. Then her demand upon him, her plea, her final insistence that he should prove his gratitude and devotion by getting for her those dangerous letters, and his weakness in letting her believe he could and would do so. That was the situation when they went on to Manila; and Armstrong knew the rest—knew that but for his timely aid she might have triumphed over her repentance; but Armstrong had come, had vanquished her and poor Latrobe's last wishes were observed. The fateful packet containing the three letters that were most important was placed in his uncle's trembling hand.

"But how was it—what was it that so utterly crushed her?" asked Billy, when the colonel had once more extended his hand.

"The evidences of her own forgery, her own guilt," said Armstrong, gravely. "One was the order she wrote in excellent imitation of her husband's hand and signature, authorizing the changing of guard arrangements on the wharf the evening Stewart sailed. The other was a note in pencil, also purporting to come from him, directing old Keeney—your remember the general's Irish orderly—to search for a packet of letters that had come by mail, and must be in the general's tent, either about his desk or overcoat, and to bring them at once to room number 30 and so at the palace. Of course, neither the general nor Garrison was there when he arrived with them; but she was, and with all her fascinations. She got the Irishman half drunk, and told him a piteous story and made him swear he'd never tell the general or anybody. If questioned he could plead he had gone out, and—got a little full with the boys." She gave him money—a big bit, too; and he got more than full. The very vehemence of his denials made me suspect him," said Armstrong; "but he was firm when examined. The general never required him to remain at the tent at night. He could go to town any evening he wished; and to cover his appearing at the Palace where the general long had a room, and where he was well known, he could say he was only in to have a word with one of the housemaids, and to give Mrs. Garrison a handkerchief one of the ladies must have dropped. But one thing she failed in—getting the letter back. Keeney had left it at camp in the pocket of his old blouse, and

when he sobered up and all the questions were asked he hung onto it in case the truth came out, in order that he might save himself from punishment. But it broke him—he got to drinking oftener, and the general had to send him to his regiment; and then when he heard of Canker's charge against you, I saw the way to writing the truth out of him. He worshipped your father, as did every Irish dragoon that ever rode under him; and I told him you were to be brought to trial for the crime. Then he broke down and gave the truth—and her penciled order—to me."

In the silence that followed the soldier of 40 and the lad of only 21 sat looking gravely into each other's face. It was Armstrong who spoke again:

"Gray, it was mainly in you to tell me your story and your trouble. I could help you here; but—who can help you when you have to tell it—next time?"

"Next time?"—father, do you mean?" queried Gray, a puzzled look in his blue eyes. "I hadn't thought, do you know, to worry dear old dad—unless he asked."

Armstrong's grave face grew dark. "You ought to know what I mean, Gray. This story may come up when least you think for, and—would you have it told Miss Lawrence before she hears it from you?"

"Miss Lawrence," answered Billy, flushing, "isn't in the least interested."

"Do you mean that you are not—that you were not engaged to her?" The colonel had been gazing out over the swirling river; but now, with curious contraction of brows, with a strong light in his eyes, he had turned full on the young officer.

"Engaged to her! Do you suppose I could have been—been such an ass if she had too much sense?"

It was full a minute before Armstrong spoke again. For a few seconds he sat motionless, gazing steadily into Gray's handsome, blushing face; then he turned once more and looked out over the Pasig and the scarred level of the rice fields beyond. And the long slant of the sunshine on distant towers and neighboring roofs and copse and wall, and the unlovely landscape seemed all tinged with purple haze and tipped with gold. The blare of a bugle summoning the men to supper seemed softened by distance, or some new, strange intonation, and gave to the neglect of all our service calls the effect of soft, sweet melody; and there was sympathy and genuine feeling in the deep voice as he once again held out his hand to Billy.

"Forgive me, lad, for I judged you more harshly than you deserved."

One lovely summer-like evening some five weeks later, in long, heaving surges the deep blue waves of the Pacific came lazily rolling toward the palm-bordered beach at Waikiki, bursting into snowy foam on the pebbly strand, and softly hissing, swept like fleecy mantle up the slope of wet, hard-beaten sand, then broke, lapping and whirling, about the stone supports of the broad lanai of one of the many luxurious homes that dot the curving line of the bay to the east of Honolulu. Dimly outlined in the fairy moonlight, the shadowy mountains of the Waianae range lay low upon the western horizon. Eastward the bare, bold, volcanic upheaval of Diamond Head gleamed in bold relief, reflecting the silver rays. Here and there through the foliage shone the soft-colored fires of Chinese lanterns, and farther away, along the concave shore, distant electric lights twinkled like answering signals to the stars in the vault of blue, and the "riding lights" of the few transports or warships swinging at anchor on the tide.

From a little grove of palms close to the low sea wall came the soft tinkle of guitar, and now and then a burst of joyous song, while under the spreading roof of the broad portico, or lanai, and murmur of voices, the occasional ripple of musical laughter, the floating haze of cigarette smoke, told where a party of worshippers were gathered, rejoicing in the loveliness of nature and the night.

It was a reunited party, too, and in the welcome of their winsome hostess, in the soft, soothing influence of that summer clime, and through the healing tonic of the long sea voyage, faces that had been saddened by deep anxiety and a few weeks gone smiled gladdened into one another now. A tall gray-haired man reclined in an easy lounging chair, his eyes intent on the clear-cut face of a young soldier in trim white uniform, who, with much animation, was telling of an event in the recent campaign. By his side, her humid eyes following his every gesture, sat a tall, dark, stylish girl, whose hand from time to time crept forth to caress his—an evident case of sister worship. Close at hand another young fellow in spotless white, his curly head bent far forward, his elbows on his knees, his finger tips joining, was studying silently the effect of his comrade's story on another—a fair girl whose sweet face, serene and composed, was fully illumined by the silvery light of the unclouded moon. "Coming by transport, via Honolulu!"—"Gov's" cabled message had brought father and sister to meet him at these famed "Cross-roads of the Pacific," and whither they journeyed Amy Lawrence, too, must go, said they; and, glad of opportunity to see the land of perennial bloom and sunshine, and wearied with long, long months of labor in the service of the Red Cross, the girl had willingly accepted their invitation. Coaled and provisioned, the transport had pushed on for the seven-day run for San Francisco; but the recovering of his long-lost son and the soft, reposeful atmosphere of the lovely yet isolated island group had so benefited Mr. Prime that in family council it had been decided wise for them to spend a week or ten days longer at the Royal Hawaiian; and the boys had found no difficulty in "holding over," for the Sedgwick, that followed swift upon the heels of their own ship. Five joyous days had

they together, and this, the fifth, had been spent in sightseeing beyond the lofty Pali of the northward side. The "O. & O." liner was coming in from Yokohama even as they drove away; and as they sat at dinner on the open lanai, long hours later, it had been mentioned by their host that the Sedgwick, too, had reached the harbor during the afternoon, and that army people were passengers on both liner and transport. Billy Gray, for one, began to wish that dinner was over. He was eager to get the latest news from the Philippines, and the Sedgwick left Manila full a week behind their slower craft.

"Did you hear who came with her?" he somewhat eagerly asked, "or on the Dorie?" he continued, with less enthusiasm.

"I did not," was the answer—"that is, on the Sedgwick," and the gentleman halted lamely and glanced furtively and appealingly at his wife. There was that embarrassing, interrogative silence that makes one feel the futility of concealment. It was Miss Lawrence who quickly came to his relief and dispelled the strain on the situation.

"I should fancy very few army people would choose that roundabout way from Manila when they can come direct by transport, and have the ship to themselves."

"Well—er—yes; certainly, certainly," answered the helpless master of the house, dodging now the warning and reproach in the eyes of his wiser mate at the other end of the table. The crack of a coachman's whip and the swift beat of trotting hoofs on the gravelled road in front could be heard as he faltered on. The gleam of cab lights came floating through the northward shrubbery. "Except, of course, when they happen to be—er—already, well, you know, at Hong-Kong or Nagasaki," he lamely concluded.

There was an instant hurried glance exchanged between Gray and Prime. Then up spoke in silvery tone their hostess:

"Other officers, you know, are ordered home. We have just heard to-day that Col. Frost comes very soon. His health seems quite shattered. I believe—you know—of them—slightly that is to say, Miss Prime, did you not?" But even with her words she cast an anxious glance along the dim



"She had too much sense."

reach of the lanai, for the pit-a-pat of footfalls, the swish of feminine draperies was distinctly heard. Two dainty, white-robed forms came floating into view, and, with changing color, their hostess suddenly arose and stepped forward to meet them. Just one second of silence intervened, then, all grace and gladness, smiles and cordiality, both her little hands outstretched, Mrs. Frank Garrison came dancing into their midst, her sister more timidly following.

"Dear Mrs. Marsden, how perfectly"—kiss—"delicious! Yes, this is the baby sister I've raved to you about. We go right on with the Dorie; but I had to bring her out with me that you might have just one glance at her. Why! Mr. Prime! Why, what could be more charming than to find you here? What won't I do to you for never telling me you were in Manila? And Mildred!—kiss, kiss—despite a palpable dodge and heightened color on the part of the half-dazed recipient. "And you, too, Miss Lawrence?" Both hands, but no kiss—one hand calmly accepted. "Ah, then I know how happy you are, Mr. Willie Gray!" beaming arched smiles upon that flushed and flustered young officer. Then, turning again to twine a jeweled arm about the slim waist of their hostess, to whom she clung as though defying any effort to dislodge, yet pleading for protection. "Who on earth could have foretold that we of all people should have met out here—of all places? How long did you say you had been out here? A week? And of course, dear Mrs. Marsden has done everything to make it lovely for you. I should have died without her." And so the swift play of words went on, the rapid fire of her fluent tongue covering the movement of her allies and drowning all possibility of reply. It was an odd and trying moment. Mrs. Marsden, well knowing, as who in Honolulu did not, of Mrs. Frank's devotion to the young lieutenant, barely six months ago, was striving to welcome the shrinking little scare-faced thing that blindly and helplessly had drifted in the elder sister's wake. The introductions that followed, after the American fashion, were as perfunctory as well-bred women can permit. The greetings were almost solemn, smileless, and, on part of Nita, fluttering to the verge of a faint; and nothing but Witche's plucky and persistent support, and the light flow of airy chat and laughter, carried her through the ordeal. The two young soldiers stood stiffly back, red-faced and black-browed; the father, pallid and cold, could hardly force him-

self to unbend, yet his lips mumbled the name "Mrs. Frost," as he bowed at presentation: Miss Prime stood erect and trembling; Miss Lawrence, with brave eyes but heightened color. To leave at once was impossible; to remain was more than embarrassment. Most gallantly did they battle. Mrs. Marsden and Mrs. Frank, to lift the wet blanket from the group and relieve the strain. Reward came to crown their efforts in strange, unlooked-for fashion.

[To Be Continued.]

## THE LITTLE MAN.

He Ticked a Crowd of Passengers on a Cable Car with His Bluffs.

The Gilbert avenue car was slowly sliding down Walnut street to Fifth one rainy evening lately. It was wet and soggy on the rear platform, where several men stood, as usual, thinking more of their cigars than the comfort of being inside the vehicle, and every man looked as irritable as he felt. Every few paces a wet umbrella would be swung around the guard, to be immediately followed by its owner, who, being a regular patron of the Gilbert avenue line, knew that if he got standing room on the car he must needs get in ahead of the crowd at Fifth and Walnut. Half way down the block one of those arrogant, authoritative individuals so often met with jabbed his umbrella against a little man just in front of him, and rudely bumped him as he scrambled up on the platform, growling about people being so slow, and asking the little man, with fine sarcasm, if he was paralyzed. "No, I ain't," said the small fellow, who was well dressed and apparently a gentleman, "but some one else will be in about a minute." He was getting red in the face as his indignation swelled, and glared savagely at the lordly one. "Don't go to jabbing me with your cheap umbrella, you big stiff, or I'll smash your face. I got out of your way as quick as I could."

The lordly one was plainly surprised, as well as bluffed, and hastily asked the other's pardon, not, perhaps, for his rudeness, but for underestimating the small man's spirit. "Yes," said the little man, still glaring threateningly, "pardon—pardon. You're one of those big bluffers who insult people, and then when you're called you sneak behind excuses."

No more was said, but everybody looked admiringly at the little man and smiled contemptuously at the lordly one, whose arrogance had been transformed into two-spot humility.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## QUEER TITLE PAGE.

Whose Awful Author Adopted Aliterations Artful, Amusing and Appropriate.

A book of extracts from various authors many years ago adopted a peculiar alphabetical and alliterative title page, on which the contents of the book were displayed in a most ingenious way. Every line began with a successive letter of the alphabet, upon which the whole line alliterated in a most extraordinary and grotesque fashion, as may be seen from these few examples culled from the mass:

Astonishing anthology from attractive authors.

Broken bits from bulky brains.

Choice chunks from Chaucer to Chaucer.

Jewels of judgment and jets of jocularity.

Kindlings to keep from the king to the kitchen.

Magnificent morsels from mighty minds.

Numerous nuggets from notable noodles.

Prodigious points from powerful pens.

Quirks and quibbles from queer quarters.

Tremendous thoughts on thundering topics.

Wispings of wit in a wilderness of words.

Yawnings and yearnings for youthful Yankées.

Zeal and zest from Zoroaster to Zimmerman.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Guided by Wisdom.

A public notice was given in Leamington, England, not long ago, which seemed to indicate that the parish of St. Paul's had some confidence in its own perspicacity as well as an unwavering trust in the wisdom of Providence. "A special prayer meeting will be held on Saturday next, at half past eleven o'clock, to entreat the Lord to give us a man of His own choosing for the pastor of St. Paul's. Such we believe the Rev. H. Linton, of Birkenhead, to be."—Youth's Companion.

## Social Gravitation.

Returned Tourist—What became of that fool, Saphead, who had more money than he knew what to do with? Business Man—I don't remember him. Was he much of a fool?

"Perfectly idiotic."

"I presume he has dropped into society."—N. Y. Weekly.

## Nothing But Draw and Paint.

Visitor—I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here.

Proprietor of Old-Fashioned Inn—Yes, sir; and he be the laziest man I ever come across. He do nothing but drow and paint all day.—Phil May's Album.

## An Explanation.

Mrs. Chicory—That detestable Mrs. Hashem was boasting to-day about how long she keeps her boarders.

Mrs. Pruner—Oh, she keeps them so thin that they look longer than they really are.—Philadelphia Record.

## No Change.

"What is your full name?" asked the census-taker.

"Eb'nezer Jagway," replied the man of the house. "But it's just 'same 'wex I ain't full."—Chicago Tribune.

## UNDER THE BAN.

Apostolic Delegate Martinelli Has Decided Against Catholics Belonging to the Maccabees.

Wabash, Ind., May 10.—Milo Meredith, of this city, grand commander of the Maccabees of Indiana, has been advised that the Catholic church has placed the order under the ban. Archbishop Martinelli, apostolic delegate, who has written a letter to the ordinary of this diocese, said the obligation taken by the Maccabees is so binding that it comes in conflict with the duty of the communicant's loyalty to the church, and all Catholics must withdraw from the society. Mr. Meredith says that so far as concerning the present Catholic membership the new order would have no effect. In some of the local tents the priests had forbidden Catholics to remain in the order, but the members informed the clergymen that there was nothing which was inconsistent with their religious views and that they would not leave the order. It is not expected that a dozen members in Indiana will be lost on account of the letter, although the declaration of the archbishop, Mr. Meredith thinks, may deter Catholics from joining.

## THE NEW WAR VESSELS.

Favorable Progress in Their Construction is Shown by a Statement Prepared by Hiebhorn.

Washington, May 10.—Favorable progress in the construction of naval vessels is shown in a statement just prepared by Adm. Hiebhorn, chief of the bureau of construction and repair. The battleships Kearsarge and Kentucky, at Newport News; the protected cruiser Albany, at Armstrongs, England, and the torpedo boat Goldsborough, building by Alff & Zewicker, are practically completed, less than one per cent. work remaining to be done. Other vessels nearing completion are the battleships Alabama, at Philadelphia, 95 per cent.; battleship Wisconsin, at San Francisco, 91 per cent.; the torpedo boat destroyers Lawrence and Macdonough, at Four River, Mass., 90 per cent.

## BRITISH SHIP WRECKED.

Five of Her Crew Saved, But it is Feared 22 Others, Including the Captain, Have Perished.

Melbourne, May 10.—The British ship Sierra Nevada, Capt. Scott, from Liverpool January 16, for this port, was totally wrecked outside the Heads. Five of her crew were saved, but it is believed that 22 others including the captain, perished. The Sierra Nevada was an iron vessel, 233 feet long, 37.7 feet beam and 23.6 feet deep of hold. She registered 1,400 tons and was built in 1877 at Southampton. She was owned by Thomas, Anderson & Co., of Liverpool.

## Lizzie Van Lew Dead.

Richmond, Va., May 10.—Miss Lizzie Van Lew, who rendered such conspicuous service to the federal cause during the war, is dead. For the aid she gave Gen. Grant, the latter, when elected president, made Miss Van Lew the postmistress of Richmond. This lady gave substantial aid to the officers who effected their escape from Libby prison just before the close of the war.

## Colombian Revolution Extended.

Washington, May 10.—It seems impossible to get cable reports as to the actual state of affairs in that part of Colombia affected by the revolution, but the last mail advices received here make it evident that the revolution has extended far beyond its original limits and is now a very serious menace to the existence of the present Colombian government.

## Wants Annual Reports.

Washington, May 10.—Senator Elkins has introduced a bill amending the inter-state commerce act so as to require the commission to report to congress annually on the number of complaints made against railroads, the cases of unjust discrimination and of exorbitant rates, the appeals to the court and the final determination of the several cases.

## Plague Rapidly Spreading.

London, May 10.—The Daily Express publishes a series of telegrams which illustrate the alarming spread of the bubonic plague, which is ravishing the shores of the Red sea, is rapidly increasing at Hong Kong, where there have been 65 cases in 20 days, and spreading into additional towns in Australia.

## Col. Pettit on Trial.

Manila, May 9.—A court-martial, composed of Gen. Hall (presiding), Gen. Grant and several colonels, convened at Manila to try Col. Pettit on the charge of delivering a Filipino prisoner to the local authorities at Zamboanga, with the result that the prisoner was immediately "boiled."

## An Advance Granted.

Pittsburgh, May 9.—The bricklayers' strike has been officially declared off. All idle men resumed work Tuesday at the advanced wage of 50 cents an hour.

## Contract Awarded.

Washington, May 10.—Maj. Charles F. Powell, in charge of river and harbor improvements in West Virginia, has annulled the contract with Contractor MacDonald for the construction of locks and dams on the Monongahela river.

## Laying a German Cable.

Emden, Germany, May 10.—The steamer Britannia has laid 114 miles of the new German cable to connect Emden with Fayal, Azores. The steamer Anglia will lay the deep sea section towards Fayal.

## Cures Talk

## Great Fame of a Great Medicine Won by Actual Merit.

The fame of Hood's Sarsaparilla has been won by the good it has done to those who were suffering from disease. Its cures have excited wonder and admiration. It has caused thousands to rejoice in the enjoyment of good health, and it will do you the same good it has done others. It will expel from your blood all impurities; will give you a good appetite and make you strong and vigorous. It is just the medicine to help you now, when your system is in need of a tonic and invigorator.

Indigestion—"After suffering six months from indigestion, headache, nervousness and impure blood, I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and when I had taken six bottles I was well." Frank Nolan, Oakland, Ills.

REMEMBER

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.

## A Pretty Old Horse.

Rev. Frank Gunsaulus at one time believed that his parish work would be made much easier for him if he possessed a horse on which to ride from place to place, so he determined to purchase one. Now what Rev. Mr. Gunsaulus didn't know about a horse would fill a large volume, and as might have been expected he fell into the hands of the philiistines. He saw nothing wrong with the horse, however. He had told the man of whom he bought it that he was not used to riding, and so wanted a quiet animal, and in this respect, at least, the horse fully came up to the requirements. One day Rev. Mr. Gunsaulus' father came to visit him, and the horse was proudly shown to him. Gunsaulus' father looked the horse over carefully. "Well, Frank," he said, at last, "he isn't much on looks, is he?"

"No," answered Frank, "but then, you know, father, the Saviour rode a horse that was anything but handsome."

"Yes, I've heard that," said the old man, reflectively. "Frank," he added, suddenly, "you've got a treasure. I'll bet this is the same horse."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Naturally a man commences to go to the dogs when he begins to growl.—Chicago Democrat.

1900

There is every good reason why

## St. Jacobs Oil

should cure

RHEUMATISM  
NEURALGIA  
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for the rest of the century. One par-

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## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

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## Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Wm. L. Douglas.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and 25c extra for cartage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

Mrs. C. T. Harding, Cyawyd, Pa. (near Philadelphia), wrote April 1st, 1900: "I have been using Palmer's Lotion for 20 years for my HAIR AND EYES and other ailments. It is the best friend I have."

Lotion Soap

Prevents and assists in curing all skin troubles. At Druggists only.

1 CENT Pr. Sq. Ft.

Including caps and nails, for the best Red Rope Roofing. Substituted for Rooster. Specimens Free. SEE 1ST NATIONAL BUILDING COMPANY. (CANTON, N. Y.)